

213 6

THE
UNIVERSAL ELEGY,
OR A
POEM
ON

Bunhill Burial Ground:

IN WHICH

Are hinted at many of the Dead, and
particularly Describ'd the Characters of

Mordecai Abbot, Esq;
Rev. Mr. John Afty.
Rev. Mr. John Bunyan.
Rev. Mr. Matthew Clark
Rev. Mr. Tho. Cotton.
Rev. John Cumming, D.D.
Rev. John Eyans, D.D.
Rev. Mr. Sam. Harvey.
Rev. Mr. Joseph Hufsey.
Rev. Mr. Will. Hocker.
Rev. Mr. Joseph Jacob.
Mr. John Mercer.

Rev. Mr. John Nesbit.
Rev. John Owen, D.D.
Rev. Joshua Oldfield, D.D.
Dame Mary Page.
Rev. Mr. John Piggot.
Rev. Mr. Samuel Pomfret.
Rev. Mr. Benj. Robinson.
Rev. Mr. John Skipp.
Rev. Mr. George Sendall.
Rev. Mr. Rich. Taylor.
Rev. Mr. Tho. Tingey.
Rev. Dan. Williams, D.D.

All Alphabetically Digested, and humbly Ad-
dress'd to all those who design to lie there;
and to the Surviving Relatives of the Dead who
lie there Interr'd.

By T. GUTTERIDGE, Author of *Hufsey's* Elegy.

N. B. The Author Teacheth Short-Hand the Shortest Way; and will
Teach any one at their own House, and may be Directed to thus,
For Tho. Gutteridge, living near the Sign of the Ship in Sun-Street
in Bishopsgate-Street, without Bishopsgate, London: Where this is Sold:
And at Mr. Cooper's, at the Artillery Coffee-house in Chiswell street.

214





T H E
A R G U M E N T
O F T H E
P O E M.



THE Poem is introduced with a Parallel Run between Midnight Darkness and the Grave: The Secresy of the First and the Silence of the Last strike the Mind with a solemn Surprise. Like Night, Death hath a Universal Sway; and the Strength of a Sampson can no more resist the Stroke of Death than the Setting of the Sun; an awaking Sentiment that alarms all the Powers of the Soul to listen and give into this Hint of the Empire of Death.

In the next Sentiment you travel by Meditation the dark Road of Antiquity; and trace the Footsteps of the Ancients even up to an

Adam, an Eve, an Abel, and a Cain: And in the first Age of Time you see an Abel slain in an Infant World, Purple'd in his Gore, falls a Sacrifice by the murdering Hand of a Brother Cain, who was the First Born of an Eve, and the First Born of the World. Cain, as Guilt in his Heart, a Stamp Impressed upon his Face, lives a Fugitive, and at Death goes to his Place in the other World.

In the next Turn of Thinking, you have an Advance to the last Age of the Antediluvian World. Before we went up to an Adam, now down to the Flood; before to the Murdering of an Abel, now down to the Drowning of a World; before up to the Wanderings of a Cain, now down to the Shelterings of a Noah: In the Deluge you have Room to meditate the Spoils of Death, the whole World becoming one Grave, except Noah and his Family sav'd in the Ark, indulg'd by Heaven, and at last brought forth to see a new shining World.

The next Range of Sentiments strongly militate for all Ranks of Men going to the Grave; but as General Rules have their Exceptions, so has this of going to the Grave: Enoch and Elijah, one of a World, the Divine Being indulges to take up to Glory without seeing Death. But these two stand unmatched, unparaelled, the First in the Antediluvian, and the last in the Postdiluvian World; their Translation to Glory was stupendous, stupendous did I say, nay miraculous.

But

But that Path of going to the upper World is unfrequented, Death Reigns with universal Sway, and turns the Head of the House, out of Doors; wraps up in a Sheet of Lead the Delight of the Eyes, and the noxious Effluvia's of Death makes the Parent fond of burying the Infant; thus all Relations go to the Mountainous Grave; but now its time to come to Bunhill Burial Ground, leaving the Contemplation of the Ancient Flood of Abel's Death, Cain's Guilt, Enoch and Elijah's triumphant Passage to the upper World.

Being led into Bunhill Burial Ground, where lies Part of two Generations, Part of the last Century, and Part of this; What an Assembly of blessed Dead at last shall there rise to meet their Redeemer is what we can't account for; there's many an Enoch for close Walking with God, and many a wrestling Jacob and prevailing Israel in Prayer, that hath come off from the Throne of Grace with the Rapture of a Paul; and even in this Wilderness hath, with a Moses, had a Pisgah View of the heavenly Canaan; and hath found the Liftings up of the Light of God's Countenance with a David to put more Gladness in the Heart than in the time that their Corn and their Wine increased.

In the next Sentiment the Metaphor of a Saint, being a King's Son, is allegorised, because the Trope is carried through the Thread of the Discourse. He is represented as being here in Disguise, his Glory being hid; he
is

is travelling through a strange Country, as being in the Wilderness, and he in his Pilgrimage, and not at home: But however, at times, when about the Throne of Grace in Prayer, he speaks Court Language; for give me leave to say, that the next Remove to a Being about the Throne of Grace is to be about a Throne of Glory.

Some Children of Light that lie in this Ground are considered, as having Clouds in Death, and being put to Bed in the Dark, treading the Brink of Eternity with dying Moan, whilst others triumph in their Death, and no more question their Acceptance with God than their present Existence here; they no more doubt of going to Glory than of leaving this World: Nay, when they are in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, they are in the Mount with the Lord, and with a Moses, like Kifs of Love are taken up to Glory: For give me leave to say, that the next Death for Sweetness to a Dying at the Mouth of the Lord is to dye with the Lord in the Mouth.

Fathers that have been faithful to Death, Mothers gracious, Children Heaven-born, make up a large Family, — here below they had Grace in the Bud, above in the Harcest. Here lies many of the Household of Faith, who died in the Lord, rest from their Labours, and at last their Bodies shall be glorified. Surviving Friends are called upon to bound their Sorrows, not to sorrow as the Heathen World without Hope: No, but those that died in
Jesus

Jesus have a Morning without Clouds, an Eternal Day.

Here the Saints were meetined for Glory, and for the Injoyment of the better World; here the Saint had the Graces of the Spirit as a Drop but above is launched into a Sea. And to speak freely, there's as much difference between our swallowing down one single Drop of Water, and being thrown into the Sea, as between Grace and Glory; the first we contain, but the last contains us. In a word, all the Streams of Divine Love run into the Sea, the boundless bottomless Ocean of everlasting Glorification. In God's World of Grace we have a Drop of the Bucket, but above emerg'd into the Daylight of the upper World; there all Tears are wiped away from those Eyes that see their Redeemer.

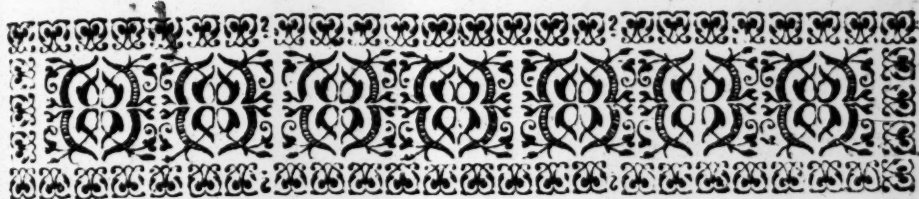
Again, we retire into the Ground, contemplate the Number of Graves dug daily, Vaults, dusty Beds, made in the Bowels of the Earth, where dwell Silence, Darkeness, Rottenness, and Death; many lie in Earth's Bosom without any Pillar to hand down their Memory to Futurity; but survey the Ground, notwithstanding that, and you'll find it sprinkled with Stones, lined with Sculls, adorned with Tombs, and enriched with the Bones of the Saints.

In the next Sentiment you'll observe the Doctrine of the Resurrection is no incongruous Sentiment, for it is full as easy for
scattered

scattered Particles to be assembled together as at first, by creating Strength to cause fine Beings to rise out of Non Entities. This Ground hath in it Ladies, Gentlemen, Criticks, Orators, Philosophers, and Ministers: You may collect in your Idea Personages whose Coffers shined with Gold, whose Bodies were cloathed with the Shines of a Courtly Air, whose Tongues were tipp'd with Eloquence, whose Brains had the Philosophical Depth of a Lock, and whose Hearts had the Evangelical Sweetness of a Paul — Here's a String of Names of whom we have Hopes in Death — But now we proceed to the Characters of the Dead; and shall only speak of them in Verse.

The Poem closes with a Parallel Run between a Mine of Gold and the Rich Dust of the Saints, as it begun with a Parallel Run between Midnight Darkeness and the Grave,





T H E
P O E M.



Hen Winter's Midnight Darknefs spreads
the Skies,

No glittering Star nor Silver Moon arise;

When there's no Twilight, nor of Light
one Ray,

Nor Rising Sun that throws the Blaze of Day,

Then with black Shade dark Night points out the
Grave,

It's buried, all the Light the Heavens gave ;

The Antecedent, Pre-existing Day,

By Shades of Darknefs is quite chas'd away :

Like Night, Death reigns with universal Sway,

And, uncontroull'd, carries us all away ;

Strong Death's the King overcomes all at Length,

Solomon's Wisdom, and a Sampson's Strength ;

B

All

All Ages to his pointed Dart give way,
 Death brings dark Night, and closes up Life's Day ;
 Fearful of Death, we still keep driving on,
 And catch the Danger that we fain would shun :
 Life's Chariot with Speed runs on amain,
 None can bring back Time past over again,
 The Voice of Nature Ages doth Proclaim.

Travel the dark Road of Antiquity,
 Trace antient Footsteps of the Fathers high ;
Adam not born, yet Death comes in with him,
 For Death comes close upon the Heels of Sin ;
Eve, Mother of all Living, yet she dies,
 But her Son *Abel* first he mounts the Skies :
 When to the Scene of *Abel's* Death you turn,
 You see the first that dy'd, the first Man's Son.
 Poor *Cain*, with Stamp upon his Face, he flies,
 The Fugitive, he wanders till he dies ;
 Then to his Place he goes, and there he lies.

To first World's Drowning, here my Thoughts
 Repair,
 You'll see Death's Triumphs, and his Spoils are there ;

In universal Deluge, there you have
 All the whole World is turn'd into one Grave;
 All fall a Prey to Death's devouring Jaws,
 But those fav'd in the Ark, screen'd from his Paws.
Noah with sacred Hint to Ark he flies,
 And there beholds the Flood with great Surprise,
 Born in one World, and in another dies.

The Man that saw two Worlds was born to die;
 It is appointed once for you and I.

The ancient Settlement doth strongly run,
 That Dust thou art, to Dust thou shalt return.
 But hold ———

As General Rules their Exceptions have,
 Why so has this of going to the Grave;
 One of a World without his losing Breath,
 He sees his God, and never sees his Death:
Enoch the Old World knew, to Heav'n's drawn;
 He dies not tho' he was of Woman born;
 The Antediluvian Father brave,
 He walkt with God, and never had a Grave:
 Thus the Postdiluvian World one knew,
 To Heaven in a fiery Chariot drew;

Elijah a sweet Turn to Heaven found,
Altho' by Whirlwind taken from the Ground :
These two chang'd World at such a happy Rate,
That none besides 'em had the glorious Fate ;
They never died, *Jehovah* did Translate.

These two indulg'd, as Favourites, God hath
No others now tread the forbidden Path ;
Death reigns, and other Powers doth dethrone,
And turns the Husband out of House and Home ;
Death tears the Wife from her dear Spouse's Bed,
And wraps her up in a cold Sheet of Lead ;
Old *Abraham's* Sentiment doth then revive
In the remaining Spouse behind alive ;
Who finds the Fathers Thinking then was right,
To bury the fair Dead out of his Sight ;
The rising Infant, with its boneless Gum,
Death takes away, the Daughter or the Son ;
That Flesh and Blood which living gave a Charm,
Once dead, its Effluvia's gives us Harm ;
The ill perfuming Scent of Death annoys,
And all our former Pleasure it destroys :
But now these Sentiments I beg may rest
To sing the modern Fathers that are blest :

No more point out the Flood, nor *Noah* trace ;
 No more speak of the Stamp upon *Cain's* Face :
 No more stupendious Translations sing,
 But move to speak of Saints that lie within
 The rich Inclosure that is at *Bunhill*.

In *Bunhill* Burial Ground crumbling to Dust,
 There lies two Generations of the Just ;
 Part the last Age, and Part the present Day,
 Blend there their Dust into one blessed Clay :
 Who knows what Generations there may rise
 When the last Trump shall rend and tear the Skies ;
 Who knows what Crowd of blessed Dead shall rise,
 Stand on their Feet and their Redeemer prize :
 O! there's *Enochs*, *Jacobs*, don't think it odd,
 One walkt, another wrestled with his God ;
 Prevailing *Israels* in Silence lie,
 And *Pauls* for Rapture and sweet Extasy :
 Heaven-born Souls that did their Strength renew,
 And like a *Moses* had a *Pisgab* View.
 Many on whom God's Countenance did shine,
 Gave them more Gladness than Increase of Wine ;
 Raptur'd their Souls, and made them most sublime.

Saints

Saints are Kings Sons, but they are in Disguise;
Their Father keeps his Court above the Skies;
This World's a Country, strange to them below,
The common World their Worth it doth not know;
Whilst they are here by some Marks they are known,
They speak Court Language when about the Throne:
Many of those within these Walls you have,
Whose Rags of Flesh are thrown into the Grave;
In Death, its true, their Frames they different are,
This leaves the World in doubt, and that in Prayer.

Some here in tasting Death did sigh and groan,
Treading the unseen World with dying Moan;
Fear struck the Heart, and touch'd the trembling
Tongue,

And all the Powers of the Soul's unstrung;
Children of Light go off, in Dark they may,
But the next Scene it is eternal Day:
Whilst others from sweet Meltings in the Soul,
That makes the Heart to glow and Tongue to roll,
Their Faith is strong, of Jesus they get Sight,
Dying in Extacy of full Delight:
Such Saints in Death, they sweetly have no Fear,
All Daylight Sunshine in their Souls appear;

Question

Question no more their Acceptance with God
 Than that they then Exist, so kiss the Rod :
 These Spirits are prepared for their Call,
 Death strikes 'em, but his Stroke it hath no Gall :
 These are triumphant in their Death, and cry,
 The Lord is in their Mouths, and so they die.
 To them Death's sweeten'd like *Moses* almost,
 Who died at the Lip of the Lord of Host,
 By Kifs of Love in giving up the Ghost.

Fathers faithful, Mothers inspired with Grace,
 Children Heaven-born, lie within this Place ;
 Large Family, fired with purest Love,
 Grace they had here, and Glory now above ;
 Part of Faith's Household, here's the blessed Dead,
 Died in the Lord, and from their Labours fled :
 A large Assembly in this Ground doth lie,
 When rais'd with streaming Glory they shall fly.
 Surviving Friends, let Grace your Sorrows bound,
 Let Hope be Balm pour'd into your Wound :
 Tho' Death gives Grief, yet it should not give Fears ;
 Your Friend's in Glory, you in Vale of Tears :
 No more Remains of Sin doth make them cry,
 No more Poison under their Lips doth lie ;

No *Alldod* Language on their Tongue doth roll;
No Guilt in Heart, nor no Deceit in Soul:
O! Friends! Trumps above are sweetly loud,
They have a Morning without any Cloud:
There Glory opens with the clearest Ray;
Night's banisht thence, eternal is the Day:

Look as all Light doth Centre in the Sun,
'And all your Streams into the Sea doth run:
Thus all the Graces of the Spirits Love,
That fits the Soul for the blest World above.
Here in first Fruits the Saint as sweetly got,
'Above it is a Sea, tho' here a Drop.
Glorification is the glorious Gain
And the last Link in the Believers Chain,
All's over then, but Triumph doth remain.

In *Bunhill* Burial Ground Death's Voice rings loud,
And the rich Acre with the Shovel plow'd;
Vaults in the Bowels of the Earth are made
Dark Chambers for the Dead, where they are laid:
Here some Flesh Coffin'd in Earth's Bed you have
Secret as Darknefs, silent as the Grave:
No Stone, no Monument the World to tell,
The blest'd Dead that in Earth's Bosom dwell;

But

But in the Main, how thick the Stones are set,
 The rising Pillars shew their Friends Regret ;
 Survey the Ground bestrew'd with Tombs and Stones,
 Within it's lin'd with Bodies, Sculls and Bones.
 What Place with this can run a Parallel ?
 Its like an Abbey or Cathedral,
 The Tombs so thick, and Graves the Stones do tell.

Here lies the Dead, Jesus himself shall range,
 When they dark Graves for Mansions bright shall
 change.

His strong Arm of Omnipotence doth hold
 The Particles of the Believer's Mould :
 Creating Strength that caus'd at first to rise,
 All your fine Beings out of Non-Entities ;
 As easy as he did create at first
 He can assemble all your scattered Dust ;
 This is the Saints rejoycing Hope and Trust.

The righteous Dead their Memories fresh bloom,
 See here's a rising Grave, and there's a Tomb ;
 Here lies the Critick and the Man of Sense,
 And there the Orator for Eloquence :
 Here lies one in Philosophy was deep,
 And there the Gospel Minister was sweet ;

Here's Throngs of Dead, immortal be their Praise;
 We have your *Bowlers, Burroughs, and Brays*;
 We have your *Braggs, Ridgleys, Women of Fame,*
 Whose Spouses bare a venerable Name;
 Sweetness and Depth, from both their Lips distill,
 The Mind's inlightned, and is drawn the Will,
 From upper World Anointings that's within,
 Both their Souls in one Gospel Sea doth swim;
 Reader forgive this Transport I implore,
 These are not dead, and so I'll say no more.
 Here lies your *Barrows, Richardsons, and Keys,*
 And other Saints did their Redeemer please;
 Their Generation Work is o'er and done,
 Their Lives are finish'd, and their Thread is spun.
 Here lies your *Unsworths, Booths, Wilcox and Ball,*
 Saints here that listned to the Spirit's Call.
 Here lies your *Amilers, Champions, and Best;*
 Saints dy'd in Faith, in their Redeemer rest.
 These, with many more, we have Hopes in Death,
 They got their Heaven when they lost their Breath:
 Now we proceed to Persons of great Note,
 And trace the Pulpit, Chamber, and the Court:
 Describe the Great, the Venerable Dead;
 And tell the World in dying what they said.

MORDECAI ABBOT, Esq;

ABBOT, his Life was spent not in a Shade,
 But dead, within this Grave his Bones are laid,
 Great at the Court, like *Joseph*, he was there;
 But, *Joseph* like, he did not learn to swear:
 Give to the Faithful Gifts he often wou'd,
 It may be said, he waited to be good:
 Was early read in Scripture and in Truth,
 Remember'd his Creator in his Youth.

Rev. Mr. JOHN ASTY.

Humble in Soul, resign'd to Heaven's Will,
 Was *Asty's* Conduct through his Sickness still;
 His outward Sorrows with inward Joys he bears,
 This Sentiment Reverend *Guise* declares:
 Within these Walls his righteous Dust you have;
 See, there's the swelling Earth, see, there's his Grave!



Rev. Mr. JOHN BUNYAN.

THE Pilgrim *Bunyan*, here he lies at Rest,
 And waits the Resurrection of the Blest ;
 Similitudes he'd draw, them finely dress,
 His Genius runs through his Pilgrims Progress ;
 Profit and Pleasure in the Work combine,
 And spangled Metaphors they give a Shine ;
 The Trope's pursued, the Allegory's Form,
 And tell the Tinker's Rhetorick was inborn.
 The Kettle of the Gospel here he rung,
 And as he beat Jesus he sweetly Sung,
 Free Grace, Free Grace, abounding was his Cry,
 To Chief of Sinners, even such as I.



Rev. Mr. MATTHEW CLARK.

Beneath this Stone there lies the mortal Part,
 Of Great and Venerable *Matthew Clark* ;
 Methinks I see the Grave, Majestic Air
 With which he Gospel Truths did here declare ;
 Preach Funeral Sermons with Solemnity,
 Melting the Heart, and wetting every Eye ;

Around

Around was scatter'd his bright Eloquence;
 Fine his Ideas, exquisite his Sense;
 In Pulpits he'd greatly lift up his Head,
 And soft Persuasion followed what he said;

Rev. Mr. THOMAS COTTON.

Cotton here lies, dyed with a Christian Air,
 In Death he breath'd his Soul to God in Prayer;
 Humility inspir'd his aged Breast,
 And his own weakness on his Soul's impress;
 This Hint with Weight on *Cotton's* Heart it bears;
 Reverend *Wright* this Sentiment declares;
 I Covenant keep ———
 Says pious *Cotton*, as a fallen Man,
 But God Jehovah as the Great I A M;
 His Covenant it is for ever sure,
 It runs through Worlds with Souls, and ever doth
 endure.

Rev. JOHN

Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D. D.

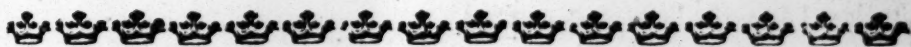
Here lies a *Cumming's* venerable Dust,
The Saint's Remains, and the Redeemer's Trust:
Cumming, by Faith, enabled to roll
The Weight of his large Family and Soul,
Into a dear Redeemer's Hand he's led,
To save the one, the other to be fed:
His Family the Church they make their Care,
Provide for them, and answer *Cumming's* Prayer.
Heart-melting Grace inclines the godly Church
To do great Things, and never think it much:
Blessings of both Worlds on them greatly shine,
Increase of Grace, Increase of Corn and Wine.

Rev. JOHN EVANS, D. D.

Within this Vault doth Doctor *Evans* lie,
Great Man, Professor in Divinity:
Williams and *Evans* loving to the End,
Dead in one Grave their Ashes mix and blend:
One Pulpit here for Mansions bright they change,
In endless Joys their Souls for ever range.

Evans,

Evans, through Grace, from all Things here was
 wean'd,
 Meetin'd for Glory, and by Grace Redeem'd ;
 Triumphant in Faith's Chariot he did ride,
 And from a Pulpit to his Mansion slide ;
 Panting for Breath, heavenly Gales comes on,
 And dying Words they smell of *Lebanon* :
 From inwrought Love his pious Breast did swell,
 And dies with crying out, that *All is Well* :
 This Hint *Dr. Harris*, of great Renown,
 He speaks, and then he weeps, and melts his Hearers
 down.



Rev. Mr. SAMUEL HARVEY.

Here lies the Good, the Great, the Little Man,
 His Years were few, his Life was but a Span,
 His Soul's a Magazine of Heaven's Store,
 This little Earthen Vessel was not Poor :
 His Soul was Chear'd, Refresh'd, with Heaven's
 Springs,
 Regal'd with Dews that Heaven's Comfort brings.

*But the Celebrated Dr. Watts having written
 an Epitaph upon this Good Man, I shall beg leave
 to transcribe it, being ashamed of my own Senti-
 ments in Compare of his.*



A N
E P I T A P H

To the Pious MEMORY of

Mr. *SAMUEL HARVEY*.

Here lie the Ruins of a lowly Tent,
 Where the Seraphick Soul of *Harvey* spent
 Its mortal Years. How did his Genius shine,
 Like Heaven's bright Envoy clad in Powers Divine;
 When from his Lips the Grace or Vengeance broke,
 'Twas Majesty in Arms, 'twas melting Mercy spoke:
 What Worlds of Worth lay crouded in that Breast?
 Too strait the Mansion for the Illustrious Guest;
 Zeal, like a Flame shot from the Realms of Day,
 Aids the slow Fever to consume the Clay;
 And bears the Saint up thro' the Starry Road
 Triumphant; so *Elijah* went to God.
 What happy Prophet shall his Mantle find,
 Heir to the double Portion of his Mind?

J. WATTS.

Rev. Mr. JOSEPH HUSSEY.

Within this Grave does learned *Hussey* lie,
Who swept —

The dusty Authors of Antiquity ;
Swept the Cobweb of righteous Self away,
And Preach'd the Gospel with a shining Ray ;
His Learn'd Soul wise Sentiments let fall,
He'd show the Word in its Original :
He'd Criticise upon a Phrase a Little,
And show the Import of a Particle ;
The Adjuncts of the Subject he'd display
And tho' the Text was dark he'd break the Day ;
And show the shining of a Gospel Ray. *

* See *Hussey's* Elegy, written by the Author of this Poem.

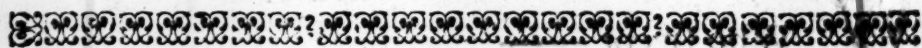
Rev. Mr. WILLIAM HOCKER.

Here lies the Remains of a *Hocker* meek,
Humble in Soul, and Strength'ner of the Weak ;
Affectionate Love in his Heart was found,
Touch but his Brother and he felt the Wound :

D

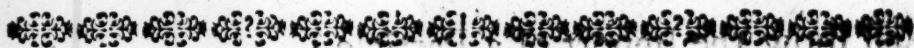
God's

God's Providence he'd Eye, and that Review;
 And watch its Openings and its Turnings too:
 His Course is finish'd, and his Faith was known;
 He's gone from Pulpit to surround the Throne.



Rev. Mr. JOSEPH JACOB.

IN yonders Grave a Son of *Jacob's* there,
 Who often did beseech his Lord in Prayer;
 That Earth with Kingdom Glory covered be,
 As Waters they do cover o'er the Sea.



Mr. JOHN MERCER.

HEere lies a *Mercer's* Dust, of Soul sincere;
 A Merchant fair, and in his Conduct clear:
 Blessings of Worlds God did to him impart,
 Full was his Hand, and open was his Heart;
 His Power to give with Will kept equal Pace,
 As he increas'd in Gold he did in Grace:
 He had great Comfort on a dying Bed,
 His Soul's refresh'd as he laid down his Head;
 Dies full of Manifestations of Grace,
 Heaven's in his Soul before he reach'd the Place.

Rev. Mr.

Rev. Mr. JOHN NESBIT.

NESBIT the Silver Tongue of *Pinner's* Hall,
He once could move with Charms, and Sin-
ners call ;

His Voice was Sweet, his Eloquence did draw,
And frozen Hearts under his Word did thaw ;
But now no more the Man of God appears
At *Merchant's* Lecture with his woeing Tears ;
No more the Man of God lifts up his Head,
Here Flesh retreats, and here's his dusty Bed.

Rev. JOHN OWEN, D. D.

OF *Owen's* Genius Libraries shine,
Whose Works do prove he was a great Divine ;
His Soul great height of Mysteries here ran,
He was in Grace the Giant of Man ;
There stands his Tomb, which Trumpets forth his
Praise,
His Epitaph speaks to an unborn Age ;
So long shall Doctor *Owen's* Glories bloom,
Ages shall praise him, and be spent too soon.

Rev. JOSHUA OLDFIELD, D. D.

Great Dr. *Oldfield* lies within this Place,
A learned Head, and in his Heart was Grace;
Compos'd in Sicknefs, and to Death resign'd,
And changes Worlds without the least Repine.

Dame MARY PAGE.

Yonders Marble points out the Lady *Page*,
Whose Patience was the Wonder of the Age;
Dropfy Emerg'd her Body with Surprise,
Religion fed the Sluices of her Eyes;
Vessels of Water from her Body's drawn,
Tears from her Eyes drop from a Soul new born;
She had tasted the Lord was gracious here,
Pure was her Love, and godly was her Fear;
Was ask'd if Thoughts of future World gave Joy,
With Soul serene, she cry'd out, *Aye, Aye, Aye*:
'This sweet Hint, in Funeral Sermon rung,
Flow'd from a gracious Heart, and Lady's Tongue;
Under her Sorrows she did never faint,
But always was the Lady and the Saint.

Rev. Mr.

Rev. Mr. JOHN PIGGOT.

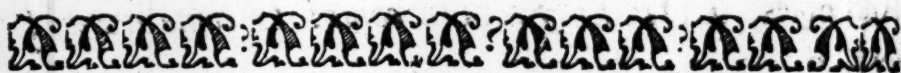
Here lies a *Piggot*, shined in his Day,
 But dead his Flesh, here turns to native Clay;
 His Faith to Jesus look'd with a strong Eye,
 Heaven's in his Heart before that he did die:
 Faith views the Road leads to eternal Day,
 And cries, *LORD JESUS come! O come away!*
 This Sentiment *Piggot* drops as he dies,
 Death seals his Lips, away his Soul it flies.

Rev. Mr. SAMUEL POMFRET.

IN yonders Grave doth pious *Pomfret* lie,
 A Man of God that shin'd in Charity;
 At Heaven's Gate, his Soul was often there,
 Fervent and frequent in his humble Prayer;
 Concern'd for Souls, he was, both Night and Day,
 In Bed and Pulpit both, for them he'd Pray;
 In Sicknefs his Lips mov'd, which was thought odd,
 Being ask'd, said, *I am speaking to my God.*

In

In sweet Converse my Soul with God hath been,
 For mine Eyes his Salvation sure hath seen :
 Lord let thy Servant now in Peace depart ;
 This Language flow'd from his warm Aged Heart :
 In Life's last Scene all Peace within did dwell,
 In Sight of Death, he cries, *I'm almost well.*
 He fell to Earth amidst a Flood of Tears,
 Went ripe to Glory full of Grace and Years.



Rev. Mr. BENJAMIN ROBINSON.

ROBINSON's mortal Part doth here remain,
 Omnipotence will raise it up again ;
 And with his Eyes God's Glory he shall see,
 With Look of Love to all Eternity :
Robinson had *Benjamin's* Love and Lot,
 He had a Draught whilst others had a Drop ;
 Of Joys that flow from everlasting Hills,
 Ravishing Hearts, attracting of our Wills.

Rev. Mr.



Rev. Mr. JOHN SKEPP.

Here lies, once the Warm, once the Zealous
Skepp,

When he of Jesus talk'd his Heart did leap ;
Exalt the Mediator was his Aim,

Lead to his Righteousness, and to his Name :

Babel, of righteous Self he'd tumble down,

On the Redeemer's Head he'd Place the Crown ;

His Soul breath'd for Anointings from above,

Clear was his Light, and pure his inward Love;

His Faith ey'd Jesus on his Kingly Throne,

Pray'd for the Spirit's Energy alone.



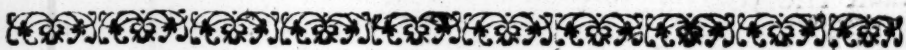
Rev. Mr. GEORGE SENDALL.

Here lies a *Sendall*, in his dusty Room,
Whose dying Language had a sweet Perfume ;
Words drop from him, when he's about the Throne,
Sweet as the Honey, or the Honey Comb :

Says

Says he, —

This little Cordial here doth Comfort me ;
 But, what is this to Flowings of a Sea ?
 The Consolations of my God above,
 Shall swallow me in Rapture and in Love ;
 His Soul ey'd Glory as it then had Grace,
 Breaths to be uncloath'd, and see with open Face.



Rev. Mr. RICHARD TAYLOR.

IN this Grave *Taylor* his Remains there be,
 No temporising dawbing Saint was he ;
 His Sentiments were great, his Language sweet,
 His Method Elegant, and most compleat ;
 Upright in Soul, in Death he Comfort feels,
 Which in the Chamber of his Heart reveals ;
 A solid Pleasure, banishing all Fears,
 Flowing from Jesus, he'd preach'd many Years :
Nesbit, in Funeral Sermon he declares,
 That *Taylor* said, liv'd he a Thousand Years,
 The same Doctrines he'd Preach, and them defend,
 And so the Thousand Years with him should end.

Rev. Mr.

Rev. Mr. THOMAS TINGEY.

H Ere lies a *Tingey*, freely did impart,
 Light he receiv'd, and with a glowing Heart;
 A Tide of Joy rush'd in his Breast below,
 And Preaching Christ, made his Affections flow;
 Be found in him, his Soul breath'd for no less,
 Lean'd on his Jesus in the Wilderness:
 Gospel Truths to him were favoury Meat,
 He found the Word, and that his Soul did eat.
 In his last Sickness Death to him was shown,
 His Master was about to call him home:
 His Work was o'er, and was gone his Day,
 This Hint of Death did not his Soul dismay,
 Flesh falls, and here revolves into its Clay.

Rev. DANIEL WILLIAMS, D. D.

D Octor *Williams's* Vault's Under that Tomb,
 His Bones there lie within the dusty Room;
 Blessings of both Worlds to his Soul did Spring,
 Estate without, and saving Grace within;

E

Blessings

Blessings of Grace and Providence Combine,
 They throw a Lustre, give the Saint a Shine ;
 The Care of Christ's Church lay near his Heart,
 Which shed its Influence to a distant Part ;
 Left Gifts, the Gospel here might have a Spread,
 And untaught Climes with Gospel Food be fed :
 Excellent Charity his Will design'd,
 God's Glory aim'd at, with Good of Mankind.

*In these Deaths many Lights are vanished,
 Prophets are fallen, and your Fathers dead.
 That Resurrection surely must be sweet,
 Where many Trumpeters together meet ;
 Whose Silver Tongues the Gospel Glory spread,
 Whose Works do speak altho' their Bodies dead :
 A Mine of Gold is Earth, that's poor to this,
 Here lies the Treasure of the World of Bliss ;
 Here Death boards Dust, at last shall rise and
 shine ;
 When yellow Gold with Common Rubbish join.*

 E R R A T A .

Page 2. line 7. for *as* read *has*. Page 16. Line 3. for *Trumps* r. *Triumphs*.

F I N I S .